THE AGITATOR

A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

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THE PASSING SHOW.

IT REALLY makes little difference whether the Japanese martyrs could be strictly labeled socialist or anarchists, and I see no reason for the Daily Socialist becoming so indignant at the capitalist sheet for calling them anarchists. Read its editorial denunciation and affirmation:

Were the Japanese Martyrs Social Democrats?

"It is hard to understand how even a capitalist newspaper can get so low down into the gutter of misrepresentation that it will maliciously lie about a tragedy as frightful as the execution of the twelve socialists in Japan.

"But, forgetting even to blush as it relates the story, and brazenly lying, the Record-Herald puts it this way:

"'Tokio, Jan. 24.—Twelve anarchists convicted of conspiracy against the throne and the lives of the imperial family, were executed in the prison here today.'

"These were not anarchists. They were socialists.

"These eleven men and one woman had not threatened the mikado and his household. They had not conspired to kill anybody. They had not been convicted of crime.

"Socialists never threaten or conspire. Socialists teach and instruct, reason and argue, write and speak. But they never kill or attempt to kill."

One thing is sure: they died bravely for the cause of labor, a cause in which socialists and anarchists are alike engaged.

The capitalists are fighting against us, and we cannot expect them to draw fine distinctions between the different brands of isms they are contending with. They will always use the name that sounds the hardest, and carries the greatest amount of odium.

Anarchism is not as popular as socialism, so is used more often in relation to such dastardly crimes as the murder of the Japanese agitators.

In the interest of truth let us examine the facts in the case, that we may learn who is the liar.

In the abstract sense of the term we are all socialists, whether we be anarchists, social democrats or members of the I. W. W. But the social democrats have monopolized the word "socialism," and now it has come to pass that to be a socialist means that one is a member of the socialist party, and believes in voting the old system out and the new one in, at Washington, Milwaukee and Kalamazoo.

Now the Japanese martyrs did not believe in voting, and could not, and in this country or Europe would not, be called socialists by the members of the socialist party. Some years ago, 1907, the Japanese socialist party, after examining the workings of the socialist parties in this country and Europe, abandoned politics, and became direct actionists. This was done at a national conference held in Tokio.

If any local did likewise in this country, they would be denounced as "renegades," "anarchists" and "impossibilists" and "Utopian dreamers," by the party that is now claiming the Japanese martyrs as their own.

It is a fact, well established by many years of observation, that wherever there is any respectable glory to be gotten out of the martyrdom of man, the social democrats go after it; and, while striving for the coveted prize, like the capitalists, they don't always pay the highest regard to the tenets of truth.

Another fact: wherever a martyr is poor and unpopular, wherever a political act of violence has really been committed, the social democrats skulk away like cowards, repudiating the martyr and bawling out, "we didn't do it, we only talk and vote."

They claimed Ferrer, whom no one in Europe ever thought of calling a socialist, for the reason that in no part of his work was he associated with the social democrats. They expended oceans of energy denying Czolgosz, who was proven a member of the S. L. P.

Although, knowing him not to be an anarchist, that he had not associated with anarchists, and that his act was not anarchism, the anarchists did not deny him, but, after the howls of socialists and capitalists had died down, attempted to explain the social significance of his act. For the anarchists are always sociologists, never craven apologists.

Now to return to the case of the Japanese. Kotoku was regarded as the foremost of the Japanese agitators. A man of fine education, a physician, linguist, poet, writer, translater of Marx's "Capital," Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid," "The Conquest of Bread," "Fields, Factories and Workshops," etc., he naturally had a broader view of socialism than that distorted thing social democracy embraces. He studied its tactics in this country, and after returning to Japan, helped to turn the Japanese movement from politics to direct action.

But the social democrats, true to their policy, claim him; and, I repeat, it is not a matter of great importance to the social revolution, whether they do or not. Yet I deem it a matter of simple justice to the memory of that martyred liberator that the truth should be known regarding his economic and political views.

To this end I publish the following letter, written by him upon receipt of two pamphlets. This letter settles the controversy for all time regarding Kotoku's beliefs:

Japan, March 26, 1908.

Mr. Jay Fox,

Dear Comrade:—I received your two pamphlets, which, I guess, you kindly sent me. I have read them with great pleasure and thank you very much for them.

In Japan, like other countries, we have many critics who say: "Anarchism means assassination" and "Anarchists are murderers," and so forth. Your "Roosevelt, Czolgosz and Anarchy," is our strong answer to these thoughtless objections. And your "Trade Unionism" points out clearly our attitude toward the labor movement, which is a burning question at present; so both of them supply us with much material for propaganda, and I highly appreciate them.

What we most want today for our cause is good pamphlets, giving a clear idea of anarchism, and your presents are very valuable for our people. I ask you earnestly that you will help us o educate our workers with your writings and other pamphlets or leaflets from time to time after this.

A few months ago I retired from Tokio to here, my native country, for the sake of my health, though I am always writing for our organ, which is a direct actionist paper published at Osako City.

Hoping this will find you in good health, I remain, yours fraternally, D. KOTOKU.

Nakamura, Tosa, Japan.

THE pardoning of Editor Warren of the Appeal to Reason, gives us a striking parallel to the case of a French fellow worker condemned to death on the charge of killing a scab.

The Power of Economic Unity.

The dockers were on strike. In a fight between unionists and scabs one of the latter was killed.

The leader of the strike, Durand, was arrested and condemned to death by the hirelings of capital, ever ready to do the master's bidding.

The French workers have the finest labor organization in the world. It is the best because comradeship, solidarity, the feeling that the cause of one is the cause of all, has reached a higher point toward perfection than that of any other nation of workers.

This feeling of comradeship has created industrial unionism, a revolutionary brotherhood of toil we are striving to introduce into this country now. It has created "sabatage," a worker's weapon of unlimited power of which THE AGITATOR will speak at length in a future issue.

The sensitive French labor voice spoke like a flash when the fate of Durand, the lumber shover, was made known.

It was no hollow sound, signifying nothing, like that of our American labor movement. It was not the silvery platitudes of turtle-fed leaders, striving to rise higher on the social ladder, whose rounds are made from the bleached bones of martyred toilers. It was the voice of crucified labor, raised to a pitch that meant action.

From every quarter of France it sounded. It was one voice. It said: "Hang Durand and every wheel in your industrial machinery will stop; and we won't hang around our hovels and starve, either."

The French governing class knew there was meaning in the voice. It shivered behind its tapestries and sent out an order, couched in merciful terms, commuting the sentence of Durand to seven years in jail.

The order was not one of mercy, it was an order dictated by fear. The men who rule the world today have no mercy. If they had they could not afford to exercise it. The rulers of the world yield only to force, or the fear of force.

Political force is a phantom that recedes as you near it. By the time you get the majority the truth you started with has become a lie. Military force is the government's force. Economic force is the workers power. They know how to operate it. They have but to learn when to stop, and why.

The French workers have learned the power of stopping. When the American workers learn that power they will have a weapon worth wielding.

Taft's pardon had no real significance when compared with the French. He yielded to a political dodge that wished to save the administration from unnecessary criticism. Yet I do not say it is without meaning. It shows the influence of criticism and the recognition by the reigning political party of forces it has not heretofore recognized. But it was purely political, a desire to keep in power, while the French affair was economic, a fear of the rich that their source of food might be cut off.

The lesson for the workers is clear. Organize in the shop and act in the mass. Remember that on the job you are not Tom Jones with a ring around you. You are a part of the rest of the workers, and should move with them, and only with them. Going it alone you are lost—a slave. Try the force of unity. Not merely the unity of carpenters or the unity of machinists, but the real unity, the unity of toil; industrial unity.

ANOTHER evidence of the determination of plutocracy to dig in and cut out every vestige of independence in the press comes to us in the news that Morgan, the man of gold and iron, has begun to buy up the popular muck-raking magazines.

Morgan and the Magazines.

This muck-raking business was started by Lawson, the disgruntled Boston millionaire, who had trouble with his associates in the copper graft, and exposed them in Everybody's Magazine.

The move was a daring one; and only a millionaire could have started it.

The magazines had been a very conservative set, and to begin by attacking big standard oil magnates was a feat that gave the magazine world a brain-float.

But the people, whose conservatism the magazines had always feared, read Lawson and liked him, and Everybody's circulation doubled in a couple of issues.

That was the breaking of the ice. The other fellows followed and we have, for the last three years, been getting remarkable articles, exposing graft in politics, public land steals, stock watering, etc.

As a matter of fact this magazine muck-raking has been the most remarkable happening of the age. Never have the great, conservative magazines dared to attack wealth. But the end is nearing. Wealth has taken notice, and quietly gone about the work of closing the free ways of intelligence.

The American has the finest staff of writers in the country under contract, "Dooley," Lincoln Steffens, Ida M. Tarbell and others. Morgan's agent has bought the American, and these radical writers must now write as the king of Wall street dictates.

Thus does the system develop. Morgan is king. He is the real king. He is the economic king. The ruler at Washington is merely his puppet, his tool, his meniel servant.

The ordinary sceptic, with more scep than wit, will say this is tommyrot; that THE AGITATOR is like the superstitious peasant, and sees ghosts where there is nothing, the image being merely the reflection of a distorted mind. Will that wise critic answer this combination of fact:

Taft's postmaster general recommended and Taft endorsed a proposal to increase the postage on the popular magazines, by putting a special rate on the advertising.

Congress is dallying with the bill. In the meantime the price of magazine stock has taken a great fall, and Morgan's agent is buying it; is this a mere coincidence, or is it a deep laid plot?

Every agitator knows it is a Morganized scheme to close every avenue of criticism. Criticism hurts business, and it must be throttled. The easiest way to suppress it is to own it. This is the modern way. Morgan has the economic power, that belongs to you and me. When we grow brains enuf to keep our economic power for our own use Morgan and his pirate partners will have to go to work. But while we waste our time talking politics and other moonshine they will continue to steal the earth from under our feet and the produce out of our hands. JAY FOX.

The trade of governing has always been monopolized by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind.—Thomas Paine.

No person will rule over me with my consent. I will rule over no man.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

THE AGITATOR

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Address all communications and make all money orders payable to THE AGITATOR, Home, Lakebay, Wash.

Articles for publication should be written LEGIBLY on one side of the paper only.

THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 604 3rd Ave.; Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Lynn, Mass.: S. Yaffee, 233 Union Street.

New York City: B. Vacelevshy, 212 Henry Street; M. Maisel, 422 Grand Street.

THE AGITATOR PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

The first quarterly meeting of THE AGITATOR Publishing Association was held in Seattle, Wash., Feb. 14. After the reading of the secretary's report, Editor Jay Fox reviewed the progress of the paper from the time it was started, last November. He quoted from various sources to show that THE AGITATOR has struck the keynote of proletarian discontent, especially in the Pacific states, where the greatest revolutionary activity is being manifested at this time. The members and locals of the I. W. W. are, he said, taking a lively interest in the paper, the Seattle and Spokane membership being foremost; its clear cut attitude on industrial unionism attracting the attention of everybody interested in the emancipation of labor by direct action.

It was suggested that the groups thruout the country be asked to liven up and help the group keep THE AGITATOR going, and increase its circulation and enlarge its size.

The committee on the Bauren Ball reported it had cleared a net profit of $120.40 on the affair. The members proposed the holding of another ball soon, and that a steamer be engaged for two excursions to Home; one early in the summer, and the other in August.

The question of buying a new press and more type was discussed, but action was postponed until the next quarterly meeting, by which time, it was suggested, other groups would be interested, and united with us in the publication of THE AGITATOR.

A. Willers was selected as treasurer, and Wm. Hampe as secretary, for 1911. The financial report follows:

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions, to Nov. 1, 1910.	$104 50
Excursion, Seattle to Home.	103 88
Subscriptions since Nov. 1.	121 75
Sale of literature.	1 75
Bauren Ball, January 29.	120 40

EXPENDITURES.

American Type Founders.	$ 95 61
Standard Paper Company.	33 60
Jay Fox, wages, 17 weeks,	170 00
George Jones, wages, 7 issues.	48 00
Postage, $20; Fuel, $7; Postage Scales, $1.75.	28 75
Trustee Printing Co., subscription cards.	5 75
Tacoma Engraving Co., Cut.	5 00
Expressage, $1; rubber stamps, 50c; sponge, 25c.	1 75
Freight, $3; Jay Fox, travelling expenses, $2.50	5 50

RECAPITULATION.

Total Receipts	$452.28
Total Expenditures	392.96
Balance on hand	59.32

ANARCHISM vs. SOCIALISM.

A CRITICISM.

Editor, THE AGITATOR:

I welcome your little paper and I sincerely hope and pray that it may live and prosper. Surely Home should have an organ. The Demonstrator failed to demonstrate; may THE AGITATOR agitate to a more successful issue. I want to keep my promise to Comrade Fox, and write for the paper; but I'm fearfully out of practice, writing very little since Free Society stepped down and out.

I did essay a word of welcome for The Free Comrade, which Comrades Lloyd and Abbott resurrected, and I wanted badly to answer Bro. Lloyd's comments, but I realized that The Free Comrade was small and devoted to the monthly newsletters of its editors, and I did not feel like butting in. Then came THE AGITATOR, and remembering my promise I said "why not lodge my complaint here?

It was Bro. Lloyd's reversion to politics, his advocating political socialism, his joining the socialist party, which formed the parting of our ways. We had studied together, he and I, at the knee of our teacher, Benj. R. Tucker, and he seems to regard me as impailed upon that horn of the dilemma known as philosophical anarchism.

But when I left school I drifted, as well as Lloyd, away from the camp of our captain. I accepted his teaching but not his conclusion. He taught me to love anarchism and individualism, but I failed to reconcile it with his theory of organization. I cannot conceive of liberty, even equal liberty, dwelling in organization; when the unit becomes an organ individuality is lost in subserviency.

But Friend Lloyd in accepting political socialism, jumps from the frying pan into the fire. He goes Tucker one better by adding politics to his organization. I am not sure but he is the more logical, as organization is based on policy, only his policy will never count, but the policy of the organization will.

Perhaps my materialism is too gross to appreciate fully Friend Lloyd's poetic ideals, still I follow him gladly, believing him honest and sincere.

It seems a pity though, "throwing pearls before swine," for him to place his trust in a political party; and he may find it dangerous and uncertain too. Like the science Mrs. Shelley's hero dabbled in, it may only enable him to create a Frankenstein who'd laugh to scorn his high ideal.

Comrade Lloyd evidently thinks that I, being tinctured with Tuckerism, would favor organization to enforce a contract, which is man made and not natural. But I've no use for pope or king.

> "Let them who make the quarrels be
> The only men to fight."

It is no argument to say that Tucker's protective associations would be purely defencive and never aggressive, for this is only begging the question. They could only exist in the absence of government, and then they would be supreme; and under natural law, merge, and form again a sovereign power.

We know how government began. How it evolved from the club of the savage, augmented by the brains of cunning and selfish men, based upon policy, the end always justifying the means. And yet this engine, worked by corruption and intrigue, it once seemed to me might be made to work for the good of all, instead of a chosen few; and I looked upon the "Co-operative Commonwealth" as the giant's power, devoid of the tyranny of the giant. But history, experience and philosophy have driven the idea forever from my brain.

A principle never changes. The glutton is no more selfish than the epicure; the egoist no more than the altruist. Selfishness is the soul of humanity, cultivated, it blossoms in generosity, sympathy and love. It is the life of the individual. Relegate it to a corporation, and you breath life into a mechanism, create a Franktenstein. And this is government, that shackles growth. ——, and deforms the soul.

Bro. Lloyd says: "The facts that every anarchist needs to keep his eyes on are, that there is no real individualism in the universe, no true individuals, no independence, no free will, no separate existence." And this is all true in the realm of nature. When a socialist wants to be very scientific he trots out this fact, "we can't escape government," and then essays "The Social Organism." But Bro. Lloyd admits that "the anarchists say that they do not want liberty from natural laws, but only from arbitrary human interference and invasion." But you never can tell just what invasion is, and so an institution must decide it, and enforce it. I can readily see where "in union there is strength," and a temporary organization of great economy. But I see in this no argument for government.

Again he says: "It requires authority to create and maintain liberty." There you have it in a nutshell. But allowed a little authority I would strike out the word "liberty" from the quotation and substitute the word "submission." You cannot create liberty; it exists. All you can do is to restrict, restrain, harness it and bend it to your will, as the gardener forces the plant to abnormal growth.

I read on the cover of The Free Comrade "And this is liberty that one grow after the law of his own life hindering not another." Is this the motto of the old free comrade he allows to still adorn the covers of his new socialism.

A. L. BALLOU.

CHILD FREEDOM.

We prate much of freedom for ourselves, and often fail to see the little slaves around us, ranging in age from one day up to twenty-one years, who would also like to step into freedom alongside of us. How far into freedom are we willing to take them with us? Shall we leave them in their present status and go on, or shall we turn and reach out our hands in fellowship, leading ever along our journey, wherever that may take us, as far as they may wish to go our way? If they outstrip us, well and good. We are now so far ahead of them that it seems impossible for many of us to comprehend their condition. I shall here mention a few inequalities.

The grown person arises when he or she pleases. The child is told when to get up. Tarrying a few minutes in bed to stretch and get ready for rising, as some of us do, may bring a scolding from the parent. Then, when the child is up, the show begins, and, in many families, is an all day session. Every move of the child is watched and must pass muster. Its actions are praised and also censured. It is moulded, not raised. It is not allowed to find fault with its father, but the father finds fault with it. The mother may box its ears, but it may not return this free-will offering, not even the principal, say nothing of interest, which ought to be due the mother.

The parents choose the food they wish to eat, such as they can get or afford. The child must take what is given to it, without grumbling.

It cannot choose its own clothing, its own work, play, playmates, friends, lovers, tools, books, manners or expressions. In what then is its will permitted sway? In nothing; unless it has a will to love its parent masters. And even that love, it must express in a decorous way or by rule, in many cases.

A man may strike another man much larger than himself, if he has the hardihood, and receives the approbation of most people if done in self defence. But a person coming under the heading of "child" or "minor" must not strike back in self defence, though its very health and life be in danger, when attacked by its master, the parent. The child's inherent rights must not be defended until he or she is "of age." When the clock has struck that hour, the son or daughter may immediately proceed to defend his or her life and limb in any effective manner he or she may choose, and be upheld by law.

Children are continually reminded that they are nothing but children, both at their homes and abroad. They ask questions as a means of gaining knowledge, but are frequently told, in answer to questions that would be civilly answered were they a few years older, that it is none of their business.

Children make friends but must get consent to associate with them. A child may promise to visit its friend on a certain day or hour with no certainty of fulfilling the promise, unless the parent consents. This consent withheld indicates that the parent does not consider promises of much importance, why therefore should the child? This feeling, once established, we have the beginning of a liar, and its consequences.

The child is thus taught to rely on others instead of upon itself. It loses confidence in its initiative ability and in itself generally.

Minors beget friends and lovers pretty much the same as adults, and when a separation is forced by the parent the pangs and longings are just as real before as after the date of majority.

It doesn't require a very bright child to see the incongruity of a whipping in the morning, for staying out with its playmates the previous night until after nine o'clock, the appointed bed time, given by a father who was out until after midnight, having a ga-lorious time; of getting a slap for accidentally dropping a dish and breaking it, while the mother goes scot free when she upsets a dish-pan full of dishes, breaking several pieces; or in getting an ear swipe when unable to hush the cries of little brother or little sister, a feat to accomplish which has kept the whole family guessing for months past.

HENRY C. HANSON,
Home, Wash.

WHERE TO GO.

Under this heading we will publish, free, the cards of radical lectures and reading rooms.

Chicago: The Francisco Ferrer Club, free library and reading room, 1015 S. Halstead.

Seattle: I. W. W., hall and reading room; lectures Sunday evenings, 211 Occidental ave., rear.

Tacoma: I. W. W. hall and reading room, 723 Commerce st.

New York: Harlem Liberal Alliance every Friday at 8 p. m., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th St., corner of Lenox.

San Diego, Cal.: I. W. W. free reading room, Room 20, Express Block, Sixth and F streets.

Philadelphia: Radical Library, 424 Pine street. Open evenings from 7 to 10. Sunday night, lectures and music. Free discussion.

They say "God sends the little babies." Of all the dastardly revolting lies men tell to suit themselves, I hate that most. I suppose my father said so when he knew he was dying of consumption, and my mother when she knew she had nothing to support me on, and they created me to feed like a dog from strangers' hands.—Olive Schreiner.

That government is best which governs not at all, and when men are prepared for it, that is the kind of government they will have.—Thoreau.

WHAT IF THE PEOPLE SPEAK, MY LORDS?

But what if the people speak, my lords, what if the people speak,
Suppose that they weary of cuffs and blows and turning the other cheek!
What if the atlas who bears your world refuses to carry the load,
Tiring at last of penury's grip and the sting of its ceaseless goad?
Oh, steadily upward prices go, and yours is the lion's share,
While the paupers build, with a sigh of woe the multifold millionaire,
And the skies are brass, and our God is deaf or haply his rest doth seek—
But what if the people speak, my lords, ay, what if the people speak?

Time was in Britain when your kind laughed at the cries of "the mob" accursed,
But a Cromwell rose, and the price was paid, the head of a Charles the First;
Time was in France when the nobles danced while the peasants writhed in pain,
But the people spoke, and we pray our God that never and ne'er again
Shall the streets run red with a crimson flood while fiends their orgies hold;
Yet out of that chaos a new earth swung, displacing the shameless old.
Oh, the tale of life is the tale of strife 'twixt greed and the poor and weak,
But they sometimes rise in their black despair—and what if the people speak?

From out of the gulf of the voiceless depths there soundeth a muffled sigh,
The fleeting ghost of a woman's sob or wraith of a childish cry.
Palace and hovel, not far apart they stand in the murky gloam,
And one is the home of your pride, my lord, and one is your brother's home.
Your factory wheels go round and round, grinding your golden grist,
While death draws near to the toiling babes to enter them on his list,
And the wealth to add to a wealth unused forever in greed you seek—
But what if the people speak, my lords, ay, what if the people speak?

A. J. WATERHOUSE.

THE TRIUMPH OF LABOR.

(With apologies to Ward Savage.)

When we were little children they rolled the world upon our shoulders and made us carry it. We took it willingly and without a murmur.

They started us at the lower end of the road where our feet sank down in the soft swamp of ignorance and superstition. It was hard to move forward, but we persisted in our endeavor.

We grew as we trudged along and made headway in spite of hardship.

We reached the road of knowledge and intelligence, and our steps became more firm and steady.

From the very first we had to made a living for ourselves and all the world. We have done it gladly and cheerfully.

We have tilled the soil and hunted the game. We have herded the cattle and watched the sheep. We have constructed the bridges and built the roads. We have invented the machines and operated the factories. We have dug the coal and fed the furnaces. We have laid the railroads and run the trains. We have forged the iron and moulded the brass. We have melted the ore and refined the steel. We have planned the cathedrals and palaces, the castles and the mansions. We have shaped them with our minds and formed them with our hands. We have ground flour for the hungry and fed the famishing. We have clothed the naked and housed the homeless. We have spun the wool and woven the cotton. We have sewed the cloth and fitted the garments. We have plowed the seas and girdled the continents with steel. We have made the telegraph and the telephone and the wireless. We have discovered the power of the air and gathered it to do our bidding.

We have built the universities and schools. We have promoted the sciences and the arts, and created music and literature. We have made headway as fast as we have been allowed. We have directed our steps upward and forward and never looked back. And yet the rulers haven't treated us right.

They have put stones of tyranny on the road and rocks of oppression in our pathway. They have weighed us down with exploitation and burdened us with injustice.

We have given them mansions; they gave us hovels. We have given them silks and satins; they gave us shoddy and sackcloth. We gave them food in wasteful abundance; they returned to us crumbs and starvation. We gave them freedom and leisure; they reciprocated with slavery and servitude. We gave them the lakes and the parks; they gave us slums and tenements. We have given them luxury and joy; they gave us privation and groans. We gave them wealth and affluence; they returned with poverty and pain. We gave them songs and laughter; they gave us sobs and tears.

We have been patient and willing, through our ignorance, to suffer. We have carried the world up the rugged path of progress with determination and self-denial. But they have not appreciated our labors. Our patience is at an end and our submission is turned into a challenge.

We have grown into full manhood and we refuse any longer to be slaves. Here we stand before you. Behold our hands! They are hard and calloused. Our arms are strong. Our shoulders are mighty and our necks are muscular.

We have heads wherein is condensed all the knowledge of industry and productive power. We know how to run the mines, the mills and factories. We know how to make the most complicated machines and how to operate them.

In our brains is the latent power of government. We have made up our minds to take charge of the world that is on our backs, and own it. We will own it and run it. We have the power of numbers and we are out to take it as our own.

For our day has come—the day when we shall produce and enjoy the fruits of our labor, when our children shall no longer cry for bread and when the chains of slavery shall no longer clang about our feet. For we have gone forth to conquer; conquer the oppressors and win eternal victory for the sons of toil.

And through the medium of an up-to-date industrial union we shall see a new world—a world of freedom and plenty, of joy and happiness, of light and intelligence, where the sun of gladness and justice shall bless all the children of men.

HENRY G. GEROME.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROPAGANDIST.

I have been here in New York City for the last three months, selling the famous speeches of the Chicago martyrs. Here humanity is piled up in heaps, stored away in layers; forty families in a single tenement that should only suffice for a fourth that number. In these eastern cities, tens of thousands of children are born annually who will never know the beauties of nature. From the tenement they will have for playing space the hard, dirty, unhealthy, stone sidewalks and pavememts, then a few years in school, where the training will be as inadequate to the development of a strong, self-asserting individuality as were the previous conditions to the upbuilding of a strong, physical body; then comes the last step, the factory, the slave pen. From there some will graduate to prisons, some to the hangman, and some become prostitutes, offering upon the streets, for a price, the remnant of a depleted body. This is the goal towards whieh the long procession of the working class is ever moving. Is the picture overdrawn? None could wish more sincerely than the writer that it is imaginary, but, alas, it is too terribly true.

I have before me two reports from committees, returned in the last few days from New York City. One states there were born in the city in 1910 8,750 children of weak minds, and that "this tendency is ever on the increase." The other, that something will have to be done to check the alarming overcrowding of tenements. There is no overcrowding up town, where the rich live.

I met with very courteous treatment from the unions in the West and am meeting with the same here. I have credentials and endorsement from the Central Federated Union, and my success is splendid in the locals. But I find organized labor weak and dispirited. I have called the attention of several leaders to this fact, and asked for an explanation. They simply say: "You have no Ellis Island problem in the West to solve as we have here."

I think there is a lot of reason in this position. For the countless thousands form a never-ending stream of humanity, dumped down in a strange land, hearing a strange language, with little money or means of a livelihood, they fall an easy prey to the sharks, little and big, and are used as an instrument to beat down and keep wages near the dead line of want.

The revolutionary societies of New York City held a very successful memorial meeting in honor of our Japanese martyrs. The large hall was packed and the speeches were good and to the point. After the speaking had been going on for a few hours, some of the young blood in the hall wanted to see the speeches translated into action. One of them went to the front and called upon the audience to go to the street, fall in line, and march upon the Japanese Embassy and voice their protest.

There was some opposition to the carrying out of this part of the meeting, but the young blood carried everything before it. The result was a fine demonstration in the streets, with the red flag. The only time the red flag ever typifies death is at the time of the death of a martyr to liberty, then it is appropriately draped in mourning, as it was on this occasion. Of course the capitalist press made heroes of the police and also got themselves all worked up to a great sensation.

The only regret I have about the street demonstration is owing to a misunderstanding and the slow exit of the large audience, I missed being with the "mob" of marchers. I have been kicking myself about this ever since.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

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AN APPEAL

To all comrades and right thinking people!
Friends:—

At the time of the Russian revolution, when the struggle was most intense, when the cable and press gave you reports of the bravery and courage displayed by the revolutionists; when they fought for the emancipation of the Russian people so brilliantly. Then the whole world gazed with amazement at Russia; then the whole progressive world extended their sympathy and aid in various ways.

That time, the time of great uprisings and unrest, is over. Now a sickening reaction has set in. The government, as a ferocious beast, is hounding the rebels who took part in the great struggle, and also siezes such people on whom the slightest shade of suspicion falls, and murders them in the most cruel way.

The prisons are now overfilled with them, awaiting death from the bloody hands of an official hangman. All those who happen to escape the official death share no better fate from the hands of the unofficial life destroyer—pestilential diseases, that breed there. What is more terrible than the above is the stagnant indifference exercised by most people towards the sufferers, and will not hear their heart-rending appeals.

We, the Anarchist Red Cross, notwithstanding all this and other hardships, managed to collect, only through heroic efforts, a small sum of money. With tears in our eyes we faced all obstacles and gathered as much as we possibly could without making an open appeal through the radical press. Now a heart rending cry for help from 102 of our comrades compells us to break the silence. It is for those that the noose will shortly be used.

The government seized people from all over the country, on whom the least shade of suspicion fell and brought them to the city of Ekaterinoslav, where they will all be shortly court martialed on one great charge upon false evidence obtained from spies.

According to letters from our friends, the greater number of those accused are absolutely innocent; their only crime consists of the fact that they somehow or other were related or affiliated with those few anarchists who figure in this process. Their innocence can be easily proved if they can secure the necessary amount of money to employ competent attorneys for their defence, hence this appeal through the radical press.

Fellow workers, radicals, socialists as well as anarchists, respond generously. Arrange meetings, entertainments, etc., for money to defend the innocent. Help prevent the noose being put around the necks of our comrades. By so doing you will surely save most of them from a certain death. Let them at least face death with the conviction and consciousness that the great cause of freedom will not die with them. We must hurry if we would save our comrades' lives.

All communications and money should be sent to our treasurer, Dr. B. Liber, 239 East 10th St., New York.

ANARCHIST RED CROSS.

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FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Have you known any express company employes, become informed as to the miserable wages they are paid, witnessed their frantic endeavors to keep up with the holiday rush of work? If so you doubtless will feel your patriotic bosom swell with pride when you read that early in 1910 Wells, Fargo & Co. declared a dividend of 300 per cent., that in 1907 the Adams Express Co. declared an extra dividend of 200 per cent., that the American Express Co.'s banking business alone amounted in 1907 to $250,000,000, and so forth. These and similar astounding facts are set forth by Albert W. Atwook in the first of his series of articles on "The Great Express Monopoly," in the American Magazine for Feb. It is an amazing story, so full of meat that it is almost impossible to condense and the article should be read in its entirety. Suffice it to say that six companies control more than 90 per cent. of the country's express business and that the writer says: "The American Magazine attempted to find out. (As to their affairs) It soon appeared that of all the business mysteries, the black curtain of ignorance surrounding the express companies of America is not paralelled or even approached in any other enterprise of anything like the same importance to the public." It can be stated, however, that they started practically without capital and that the extent to which they have watered their stocks passes all belief.

Their banking business is enormous. The American Express Co. alone having handled nearly 17,000,000 money orders in one year, and it is only a small portion of their activities, the revolutionary changes that have accompanied the development of modern business having all combined to render their services more and more indispensable. The vast traffic in perishable goods and repeated changes in fashions alike play into their hands. In one year the Adams Express Co. recorded more than sixty-seven million transactions and "it is the opinion of the supreme court of the state of Nebraska that the express companies possibly transact business for more different people than do the railroads." Harriman dominated Wells, Fargo & Co. for many years and the secret of the monopoly these companies enjoy, and the mystery that shrouds their operations, is to be found in the intimacy of their relations with the railroads. For example, the Pacific Express Co. has twelve stockholders every one of whom are railroads, and to them all dividends accrue. This charming fact was dragged out from the auditor by the Indiana Railroad Commission.

In the American Magazine is to be found also the third and final installment of "The Things That Are Cæsar's," by Albert Jay Nock. The writer drives home, by innumerable illustrations, the self-evident truth that taxes on personal property are, always have been and always will be evaded by the rich. His closing paragraph is as follows: "Money can move, credits, personal property of every kind can move. Do not tax them. Your theory is wrong, your practice is iniquitous, and you do not get your tax; and finally, in proportion as you tax these things, by so much do you encourage them to move away and work for some other community instead of remaining in your community and doing work for it." I quote also the following and with gusto: "The politician is the only being who will go blithely forth, armed with a statute, to declare war against a law of nature. If a statute were made and provided to enact that henceforth water should run up hill and not down, the politician is the only being who would look for any compliance."

Ernest Poole contributes a remarkable sketch of Louis D. Brandeis, who has played so conspicuous a part in the Ballinger investigation. It is impossible not to feel admiration for Brandeis' private characte , as portrayed by Poole, for he gives of his time freely to the people, lives simply and declares that he wants only to be free; but I am not in sympathy with his aims and philosophy, for he considers that "the tendency is steadily toward governmental control" and adds that "the government must keep order not only physically but socially." He emphasizes the fact that he is a practical man, interested in concrete problems, and he looks to "the regulation of trusts and railroads, public utilities and all the big industries that control the necessities of life." To my thought that is the one program of all others that is most unpractical—a dream and a hideously ugly dream, for it carries us direct to state socialism, with the government official as the latest of the many Gods man has created for his own abject subjugation. On this I shall touch in the ensuing paragraph, but here I wish to point out that Mr. Brandeis glorifies the legal profession as the main bulwark against revolution. "For," he says, "the aspirations of the people must have adequate legal expression. Otherwise we shall have a revolt." The people's thought will take shape in action. And it lies with our lawyers to say in what lines that action shall be expressed: wisely and temperately or wildly and intemperately; in lines of evolution or in lines of revolution. Which means: "If we lawyers cannot patch up some really plausible reforms the people will dig down to the roots and make a clean sweep of the whole unnatural system." But I myself was educated to the law and forty years' experience has suffused me with the most profound distrust for the entire profession.

Somebody has sent me a copy of The Forum for last October. That is going pretty far back for notice in this column, but some things never grow stale and "A Dream," by Tolstoy, may well be considered one of them. Moreover, it makes an excellent pendant to my Brandeis criticism. In his dream Tolstoy overhears a man remonstrating with two landowners who have been crying out against depredations committed by the peasants, and this is what he says: "The peasants have stolen oaks and hay, and are thieves of the most immoral class. Now, in the Caucasus, a chieftain used to raid the Aouls and carry off all the horses of the inhabitants. But one of them found means to get back from the chieftain's herd at least one of the horses that had been stolen from him. Was that man a thief because he got back one of the many horses stolen from him? And is it not the same with the trees, the grass, the hay, and all the things you say the peasants have stolen from you? I know you consider land to be the property of the landlord, and therefore call the restoration to themselves of its produce by the peasants, robbery; but you know that is not true. The land never was, and never can be, anyone's property. If a man has more of it than he requires, while others have none, then he who possesses the surplus land possesses not land but men; and men cannot be the property of other men. For ages you have been stealing from them, not oaks but their lives, and the lives of their children, their womenfolk and their old men." You understand, Tolstoy was not a lawyer and, therefore, was able to see through the legal tangle in which have been so cunningly enshrouded the actual facts of life.

I presume my anonymous correspondent sent me the magazine on account of its reproduction of Tolstoy's dream, though it may have been for the sake of Mrs. Havelock Ellis' fine article on "Nietzsche and Morals." Her study of that great iconoclast, that breaker of standard values, ends with a quotation from Zarathustra which concludes thus: "By my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope! I do not exhort you to work, but to fight. I do not exhort you to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a battle, let your peace be a victory."

To Nietzsche, it will be remembered, life was meaningless save as a struggle toward a higher life; but, while loathing the cowardice of sloth, he lamented incessantly that men's activities were mainly wasted for lack of that clear sightedness which fearlessly independent thought alone can give. "It is the misfortune of the active," he wrote, "that their activity is almost always somewhat senseless. The active roll like a stone in accordance with the stupidity of mechanics." A passage I had much in mind while reading Poole's tribute to Brandeis.

What an antidote is Nietzsche to the opportunist, self-respect-abandoning tactics to which social democracy stoops in its anxiety to capture the applause and suffrage of the thoughtless many! There we see no heroic fight for principle but emasculating compromises at every turn.

WM. C. OWEN.

RECEIPTS.

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It was the great Heine who said: "This old society has long since been judged and condemned. Let justice be done. Let this old world be broken to pieces, . . . where innocence has perished, where man is exploited by man. Let the whited sepulchres full of lying and iniquity be utterly destroyed."

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